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The Romance of a Hunt for Hidden Treasure

By Louis Tracy, "wings of the Morning." White halo de for his hold of the bearing health halo be for the proper his hold halo bear health of the hold halo bear health halo bear healt

CHAPTER III.

cumstances. It is six bundred miles news. from Bel Abbas to the Niger, and-

"I-I thought so," sobbed Evelyn.
"You thought so?" Didn't you from her eyes with a splendid con-The moonbeams spread a silvery riband across the dark Atlantic toward the horizon. Beyond Mrs. Laing.
that magic path lay Africa, and her

"Yes," she said proudly, "I know! we are again, you know—the same old circus. Couldn't stand the British only I might tell you what I have suffered during these horrible months, when never a word came from him, and another woman lost no opportunity of taunting me with the lie that she was his promised wife!"

"You are speaking of Mrs. Laing, I set for the Lancers?" "Yes," she said proudly, "I know!

she is in Las Palmas in order to air of buffoonery, could remest Capt. Warden when he returns some things exceedingly well.

e not overheard.

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Ten in a second of the second

Evelyn Has Unexpected Visitors.

TEADY, Mins Dane," he said, cheerily. "He fumped the worst fence when he got away from Lectawa with accompand to morror morning, he said. "Some editor officer will be schooled to his earlier frigit manner, he will pull through."

The has pleasing facts now?"

"No. On my honor, I have given you the whole budget."

"When will it be known whether or not—he has—arrived in Nigeria?"

"Ah, that depends on so many circumstances. It is six hundred miles from Bel Abbas to the Niger, and—free manualle light."

But Evelyn's humble light-hearted—from Bel Abbas to the Niger, and—free manualle light.

But Evelyn's humble light-hearted—from Bel Abbas to the Niger, and—free manualle lights are not so with her was brave should be pladed to the strain during these later days of weary waiting? She was sure it was not so with her lower will all the strain during the said and the least pleasing facts now?"

"No. On my honor, I have given you the whole budget."

"When will it be known whether or not—he has—arrived in Nigeria?"

"Ah, that depends on so many circumstances. It is six hundred miles from Bel Abbas to the Niger, and—

But Evelyn's humble light-hearted—

But Evelyn's humble light-heartedthere may be difficulties. May I ask ness was destined not to survive the you a personal question, Miss Dane? heat ten minutes. Looking in at the ballroom, she saw Beryi waitzing with a Canario fruit grower, a youthful a Canario fruit grower, a youthful "I—I thought so," sobbed Everyn.
"You thought so? Didn't you crow?"

There was a moment of tense dilence. Then Everyn swept the tears from her eyes with a spiendid condence. The moonbeams spread a man she had meat the constitution of the monager, and get the loan of the moonbeams spread a man she had meat the constitution. man she had met at Lochmerig, and

heart had bridged the vold ere she bein' in Lochmerig," he cried. "Here

on board the Water Witch, variably inaccurate where I am con--I didn't mean to tell you that, cerned, she said, "If your matri-

I am but a poor diplomatist, I fear, monial choice rests between her and and that reminds me: I must hark me, Lord Fairholme, it is only fair back to my errand. Why has Mrs.

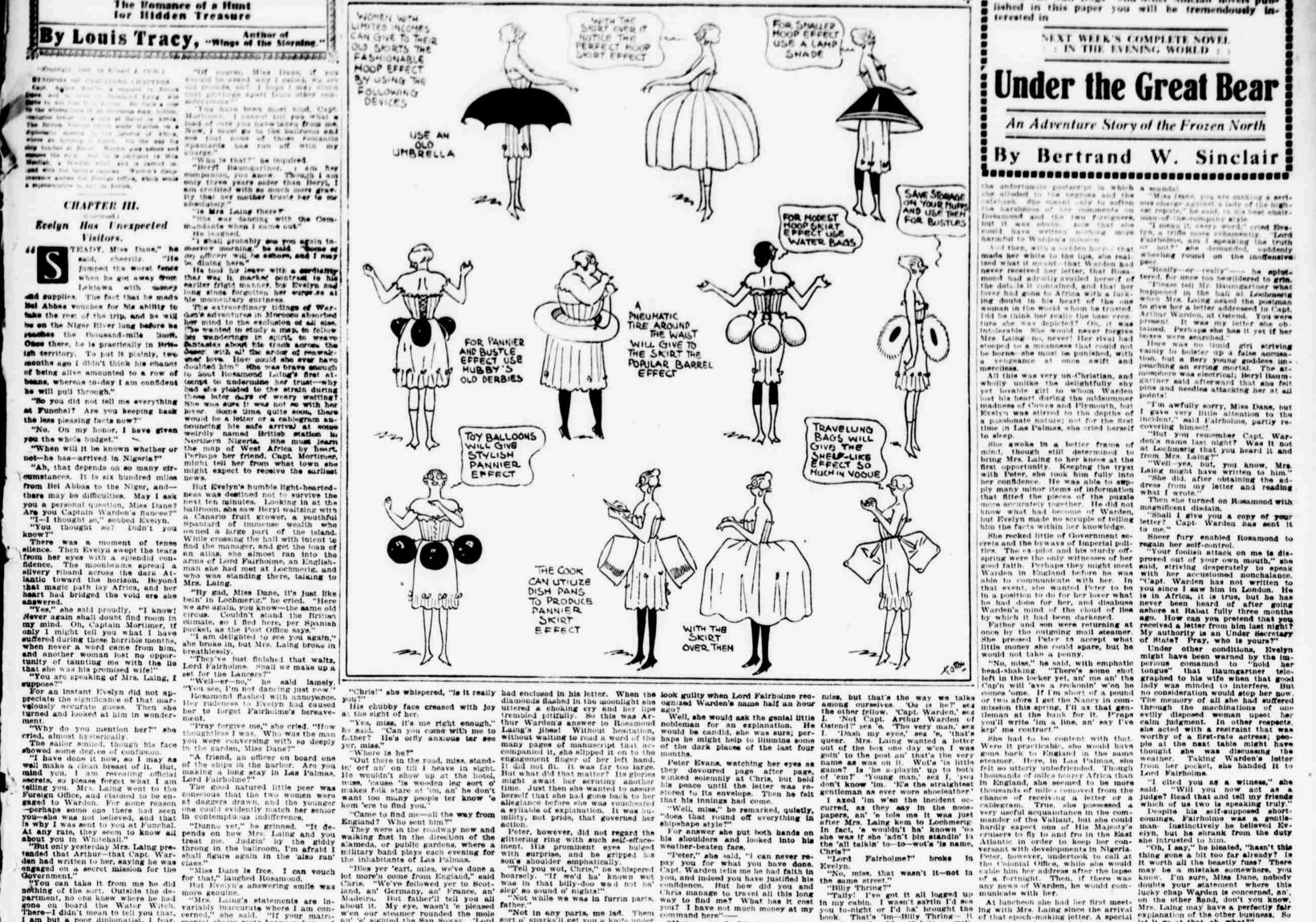
Laing come here?"

Evelyn lifted her head defiantly, the Nigeria Protectorate when next Martinar had blundered into the Mortimer had blundered into the he returns to England."

air of buffoonery, could remember you?"

Why Not?

By Maurice Ketten



hall figure again in the 'also ran' the inhabitants of Las Palmas.

"Miss Dane is free. I can vouch or that," laughed Rosamond.

But Evelyn's answering smile was nore genuine.

"Mrs. Laing's statements are invariably inaccurate where I am conserved," she said. "If your matriannial choice rests between her and love a duck. Chris, 'exerved evening for the inhabitants of Las Palmas.

"Bles yer 'eart, miss, we've done a "Tell you wot, Chris," he whispered to more from England," said hoarsely. "If we'd ha' known wot land, an' Germany, an' France, an' slep' so sound o' nights!"

"Mot while we was in furrin parts, and he gripped his son's shoulder emphatically.

"If wo'd ha' known wot land, an' Germany, an' France, an' slep' so sound o' nights!"

"Not while we was in furrin parts, and he gripped his son's shoulder emphatically.

"If wo'd ha' known wot land, an' Germany, an' France, an' slep' so sound o' nights!"

"Not while we was in furrin parts, an' e' sighted the San Sowsy. 'Lord sort o' sparks'il get you a knife under the span 'e' sparks'il get you a knife under the span 'e' sparks'il get you a knife under the span 'e' sparks'il get you a knife under the span 'e' sparks'il get you a knife under the inhabitants of Las Palmas.

"Bles yer 'eart, miss, we've done a "Tell you wot, Chris," he whispered to to more'n come from England," said hoarsely. "If we'd ha' known wot chris, "we've followed yer to Scot. Was in that billy-doo wed not ha' slep' so sound o' nights!"

"Not while we was in furrin parts, and the gripped his sounds and the proposition of the inhabitants of Las Palmas.

"But Evelyn's answering smile was in that billy-doo wed not ha' slep' so sound o' nights!"

"Not while we was in furrin parts, and the proposition of the proposition of the inhabitants of Las Palmas.

"Captain Arthur Warden!" gasped trembling, though her voice was calm, be Earl, who, despite his liabitual "Chris," she reepated, "who sent

love a duck, Chris, 'sez'e, 'there she Your ribs anywhere. Now, if I was is at last. Oo'll say now that Peter Miss Dane, I'd turn it into money. Evelyn, in her excitement, still held words. But she won't, mark my words. She'il just twiddle it round, the boy's arm. He felt that she was an shove in a hairpin wen there's a an' shove in a hairpin w'en there's chandeller handy, an' lean on 'er el

"Cap'n Warden, miss. But there! green with envy,"
It's dad's yarn. You must 'ave it from 'im, from chapter one to finis."

Though Evelyn was deep 'n her letter—though her brows were knitted and her little broks element.

The first point of the point of

"Just like 'im. There never was a "Peter, you are a wonder. You have solved to make the most of their your letter, Miss Dane, I m more free-handed gent than 'im. found out the one thing I wanted to friendly relations with the Earl of cover a means of settlement."

Funny thing, ain't it, that the wrong know."

Funny thing, ain't it, that the wrong know."

Funny thing, ain't it, that the wrong know."

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

lished in this paper you will be tremendously in-

you are one of the countless readers who were thrilled by "North of Fifty-Three" and "The Late of the Sun Dogs" and other Sinclair novels pub-

Under the Great Bear

An Adventure Story of the Frozen North

By Bertrand W. Sinclair

the infortunate posteript in which a secondal and alroiting a miles of the negroes and the calsusan. The meant only to soften the harmond and the two foreigners, but it was obvious from that the could have written method more than a made her white to the lips, she realized what it meant that Warden had made her white to the lips, she realized what it meant that Warden had more received har letter, that Rosa mond had advoitly availed herself of the data is it contained, and that her laver had gone to Africa with a lurk ing doubt in his heart of the one woman in the world whom he trusted lid he think her reality the base erenture she was depicted? Oh, it was intolerable the world never forgive intolerable the would never forgive intolerable the would never forgive lattice. Perhaps she has it yet if her latter above meant it was my letter she obtained. Perhaps she has it yet if her latter above meant in the would never forgive lattice. lidd he think her really the base creature also was depicted? Oh, it was bresent. It was my letter she obtained her was depicted? Oh, it was bresent. It was my letter she obtained. But was depicted? Oh, it was bresent. It was my letter she obtained. Perhaps she has it yet if her bresent had been a meanness that could not be borne she must be punished, with a vengeance at once swift and mercileas.

All this was very un-Christian, and wholly unlike the delightfully shy yet lovable girl to whom Warden yet lovable girl to whom Warden yet lovable girl to whom Warden points:

madness of Cowes and Plymouth, but Evelyn was stirred to the depths of a passionate nature; not for the first time in Las Palmas, she cried herself to sleep. ost his heart during the midsummer

time in Las Palmas, she cried herself to sleep.

She awoke in a better frame of mind, though still determined to bring Mrs. Laing to her knees at the first opportunity. Keeping the tryst with Peter, she took him fully into her confidence. He was able to supply many minor items of information that fitted the pieces of the puzzle more accurately together. He did not know what had become of Warden, but Evelyn made no scruple of telling him the facts within her knowledge.

She recked little of Government se-

She recked little of Government secrets and the byways of imperial polities. The ex-pilot and his sturdy ofspring were the only witnesses of her good faith. Perhaps they might meet Warden in England before he was able to communicate with her. In that event, she wanted Peter to be in a position to do for her lover what he had done for her, and disabuse Warden's mind of the cloud of lies by which it had been darkened.

Father and son were returning at once by the outgoing mail steamer. She pressed Peter to accept what little money she could spare, but he would not take a penny.

"No, miss," he said, with emphatic head-shaking. "There's some shot to me." Capt. Warden has not written to you since I saw him in London. He is in Africa, it is true, but he has never been heard of after going ashore at Rabat fully three months ago. How can you pretend that you received a letter from him last night? My authority is an Under Secretary of State? Pray, who is yours?" Under other conditions, Evelyn might have been warned by the imperious command to "hold her tongue" that Baumgartner telegation.

Funny thing, ain't it, that the wrong know."

Funny thing, ain't it, that the wrong know."

Furny thing, ain't it, that the wrong know."

Something in his tone, some hint the sum of a ward words, beat through the smooth-spoken words, beat through the laze of wrath and grief that the laze of wrath and grief